Northern Messenger

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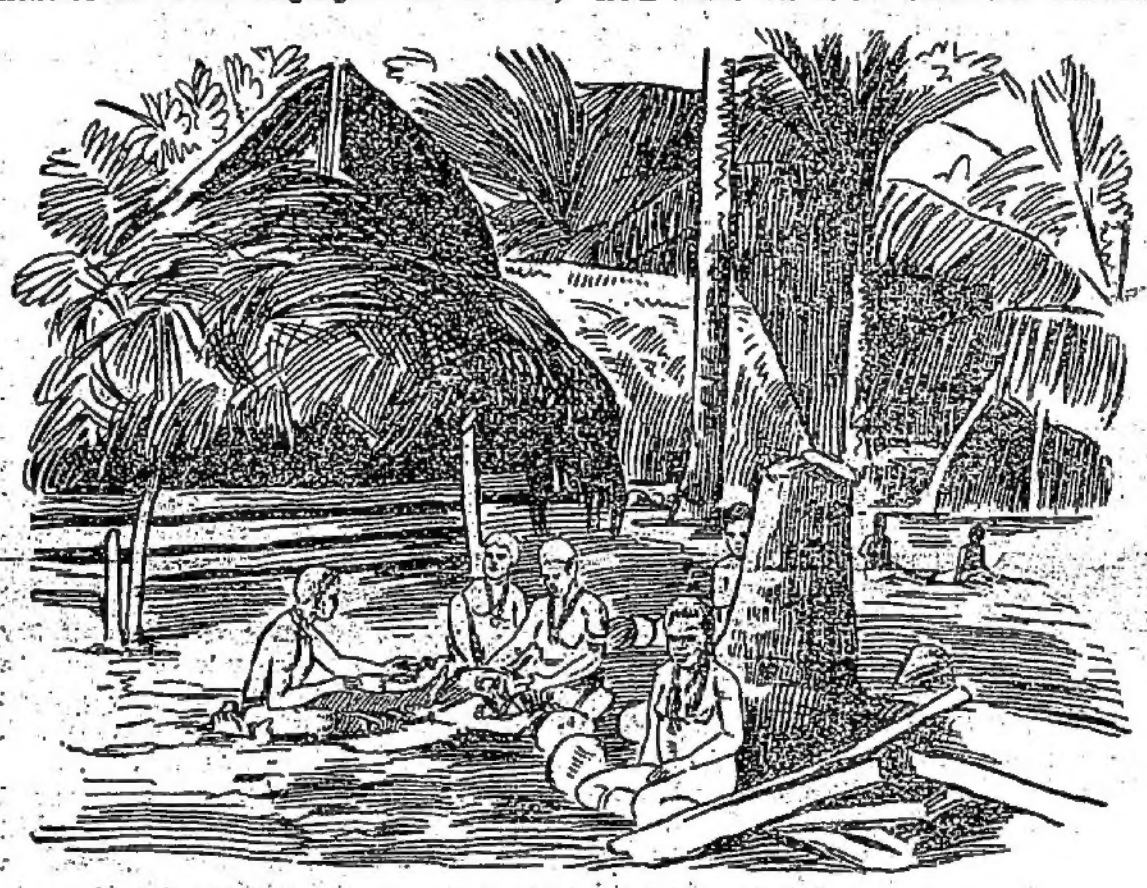
New Guinea a Quarter of a Century Ago and Now.

(By Rev. W. G. Lawes, D.D., of Vatorata, New Guinea.)

'Who hath despised the day of small things?'

In December, 1874, the barque, 'John Williams' and little steamer 'Ellengowan' arrived at Port Moresby, then a newly-discovered harbor. Mr. and Mrs. Lawes were on board as the first resident English missionaries for New Guinea. Four South Sea Island teachers went off with some natives in a canoe to welcome the new arrivals. They had been a year at Port Moresby and knew a little of the native language. One of them, Ruatoka, still lives at Port Moresby; the others have long since passed away. Natives were very numerous, children swarmed, and the village was lively and noisy. A piece of land was purchased on which a small weather-board house brought from Sydney was soon erected. The work started with a good stock of tools, and ended with only two or three. Every native was a thief, and many of them accomplished and clever. The men were all armed, and before the house was finished the work was temporarily stopped by a crowd of angry men with stones, clubs and spears. The service held on the first Sunday was attended by a few people, who sat round the verandah of a native house, from which one of the South Sea Islanders preached. All the men were busy chipping shells for armlets, and the women shaping clay pots. Some of them talked, while all were amused at the clothes and appearance of their white visitors.



TWENTY-FIVE YEARS AGO.

'Darkness covered the land, and gross darkness the people.'

Suspicion and distrust was written on every face. No man left his house without the accompaniment of spear or club. The people only ventured from their village home in armed parties. Superstition reigned, and sorcerers tyrannized the people. A drought caused scarcity of food and nine inoffensive men and women in a small village were killed, because they were said to have prevented rain. Extortion and intimidation made everybody afraid of the 'sacred man' who could cause famine, sickness and death. The distinction every able-bodied man coveted was to be known as a blood-shedder. Tatooed chests, feather head-dresses, and shell ornaments indicated that those so adorned had killed, or helped to kill, someone. A woman and her three little children surprised and killed gave many men the desired honor. Had not their spears tasted blood?

'The people that walked in darkness have seen a great light; they that dwelt in the land of the shadow of death, upon them hath the light shined.'

After twenty-five years, although much remains of heathenism, a great and marvellous change is manifest. From East Cape to the Fly River in the west, covering a distance of 700 miles, are many centres from which light is being diffused. Ninety churches are dotted like lighthouses along the coast. The appearance of the people has changed. The wild suspicious look has gone. In every village are some whose short hair and decent clothes contrast with the frizzy mops and the strips of heathen times. The

AND NOW—STUDENTS' HOUSES, VATORATA.

mark of civilization is even more evident in the women, many of whom wear becoming dresses, comb and part their hair, and are modest and respectable in appearance. The Sabbath is observed even in many heathen villages, while 1,350 men and women are professed followers of Christ. They have confessed him before all men, and are assuredly recognized by him. In ninety villages the school bell is heard five days a week, and 3,000 boys and girls are scholars. Books are printed in seven different dialects, while in the principal language of the coast the New Testament and part of the Old, a hymn-book of 200 hymns, and a catechism, geography and arithmetic book are in the hands of the people. A people with no written language have not only to acquire the art of reading, they have also to learn that symbols stand for ideas, and that the printed page takes the place of the human voice. The power of the press grows slowly among a non-literary people. In the New Guinea of to-day its value is being felt. Forty New Guineans and their wives are schoolmasters and pastors, respected by men and honored by God. A second generation is coming on. Four boys taught first by New Guinea teachers are now themselves teachers, and the sons of three are now in the college preparing to follow in their fathers' steps. Peace has been established, and all along the coast friendly relations have grown. Traveling parties go unarmed, and visit places that were a terror to their fathers. Spears and clubs are sold as curios. The food produced has increased both in kind and quality, and there are many more mouths to fill than twenty years ago. This part of New Guinea (S. E. coast) is now a British colony, and England may be proud that British rule has been perfectly established, and the foundations of law and government laid in peace and righteousness. The Lieutenant-Governor, as the representative of the Queen, is feared, trusted and honored. Home rule has been inaugurated, and in many villages the constable and chief appointed by the Governor, keep order and ensure obedience to law. All this change is on the outer fringe of the great island. The interior waits for the Gospel. Hundreds of tribes have never seen a missionary nor heard the name of Christ. Who will come to the help of the Lord in New Guinea?—L.M.S. 'Chronicle.'

Jesus, My Saviour,

It was a beautiful day in autumn; one of those indescribable October days, so calm, so bright, when Heaven seems bending low to earth and earth is lifted up to Heaven. The afternoon sun shone softly down as we gathered in the quiet of the cemetery to lay away the form of a little child. The tiny casket had been lowered, the grave had been filled and the last spadeful of earth smoothed and patted down as with a caress and a 'hush-a-by' to the still form beneath. Hats were lifted and heads bowed as the man of God began the benediction. Old Uncle Billy, our long-time village sexton, leaned his spade against a railing, bared his gray, woolly locks to the breeze, and then, tottering forward, fell heavily to the ground, dead, without a groan or a struggle—without a note of warning or a word of farewell to earth. Yet how beautiful to fall thus upon his field of labor, among the mounds he had builded, with the sunlight of God and the flickering shadows of the leaves upon his face and the unconscious birds twittering out their gay melodies overhead; passing at once, without sickness or mortal anguish, from the toil of earth to the reward of Heaven.

It seemd as though a voice spake through the stillness, 'Well done, good and faithful servant; ented thou into the joy of thy Lord.'

He had been a faithful servant, honest and true in the days of his slavery, just and upright when he became a free man, humbly obedient to the will of the great Master.

A crowd quickly gathered and preparations were made to convey the dead man to his home, a friend and I having volunteered to go on before and prepare the old wife for the sad home-coming. She met us at the gate in all the glory of cap and spectacles, her face radiant with an almost infantile smile of joy at sight of us.

'Come right in, honey,' she said, taking a hand of each. 'La, I is so glad to see you.'

We looked at each other in dismay. What a pitiful task was before us. I began:

'We have bad news for you, Aunt Matilda.'

'Bad news! Oh, now, you must be joking.'

'About Uncle Billy,' my companion added.

'You don't tell me Billy's done took another one of them bad spells!'

'He's dead, Matilda,' said her former master, who had entered the roof. 'Try and bear it.'

A dazed look of surprise and unbelief clouded the eyes that had beamed so kindly upon us.

'Dead, Mars Shapley. Why, it can't be.'

'Yes, Matilda, he is dead. They are bringing his body home. They are almost here.'

'Dead!' she repeated, and oh, I can never forget the look of anguish that overspread the quivering old face as if some sudden calamity of which she had never dreamed had stricken away its brightness forever. Why is it that we can never realize that we must leave all that we love in this world, and that we must lose all who love us.

'Dead! Why, I can't live without Billy!' she cried again and again. 'Don't tell me he's dead. De Lawd knows I can't live without Billy.'

The feet of those who bore their burden were at the door; they entered and laid the stiffened form upon the bed, but she heeded not.

'What's I gwine to do widout Billy?' she moaned, seeking each face in turn in piteous appeal for the answer that none of us could give.

'What's I gwine to do widout Billy?' she called again, in piercing tones, that brought its answer in sounds of convulsive weeping from the dusky throng that by this time had crowded into the house and yard. 'De Lawd knows I can't live widout Billy!'

The poor old form was trembling and ready to fall. We tried to place her gently in the low rocking chair, but she fell upon her knees before it and in tones of pleading and pathos unspeakable, murmured the words, 'Jesus, my Saviour.' Over and over again she pleaded, 'Jesus, my Saviour; Jesus, my Saviour.' This was the only prayer her trembling lips could frame. What need of more. She had found her refuge, the only source of all consolation. And do you not think the blessed Saviour understood better than her poor, stammering tongue could tell, all the need of that sorely wounded spirit? I do not know how long she prayed. The sun was sinking as we stole away, and as we passed from the midst of the wondering, awe-struck throng that crowded the doors and windows, the faintly-uttered words floated out upon the evening air, 'Jesus, my Saviour.' They have followed me alway, and it has been my prayer that when the ills of life overtake me and all the waves and billows sweep over my soul, I, too, may lean upon the everlasting arm and, lifting up my voice out of the depths, be able to utter the cry of faith, 'Jesus, my Saviour.'—Ellen Woolfolk, in 'Herald and Presbyter.'

A Missionary's Son.

(From Northfield Echoes.)

A good many years ago I was stopping in a home in the west and saw there a bright boy about thirteen years old. He didn't bear the name of the family he was living with, yet he was treated like one of the family. I asked the lady of the house who he was, and she said:

'He is the son of a missionary. His parents couldn't educate their sons in India, so they came back here. But they had learned the language of India and they did not feel that it was right for them to stay.

'Finally the husband said: "You stay here and educate the children, and I will go back." The mother said, "No, God has used me there with you, and we will go together." "But, the father said, "you can't give up those children. You never have been separated from them since they were born. You can't leave them in this country and go back." She said, "I can do it for Christ, if he wants me to." '

They made it a matter of prayer and put a notice in the papers that they were going to leave their children, and asking Christian people to take and educate them. This lady saw the notice, and wrote that she would take one child and bring it up for Christ's sake.

She said: 'His mother came and stayed a week, and observed everything. She watched the order and discipline of my family, and after she was convinced that it was a safe place to leave her boy, she set the day to leave. My room was adjoining hers, and when the time came to start I heard her pray, "Lord Jesus, help me now. I need Thee. Help me to give up this dear boy without a tear, that I may leave him with a smile. The last time he sees me I don't want him to see a tear in my eye. O God, help me, and give me strength." '

Then she said that mother came down and took her boy to her bosom, hugged him and kissed him with a smile on her face—not a tear, and left. She went to five homes in the same way. She went back to India, but only lived a year, and then went to meet her Lord and Master. Some years afterwards I was preaching in Hartford and found a young man who was in the habit of picking up the rough boys of the streets and bringing them to his meetings.

He would sit with them around him, and after the sermon, would try to lead those boys to Christ. It pleased me very much, and I asked him who he was. They told me his name and said that he was in the theological seminary. I found that he was one of those five sons, and all of them expected to return to India to take up the work that their father and mother have left. There is no account of that in history, but it is known up there in heaven.

The Find-the-Place Almanac.

TEXTS IN REVELATION.

Nov. 4, Sun.—Clothed in white raiment.

Nov. 5, Mon.—Hear what the Spirit saith.

Nov. 6, Tues.—I have set before thee an open door.

Nov. 7, Wed.—I have loved thee.

Nov. 8, Thurs.—I also will keep thee.

Nov. 9, Fri.—As many as I love I rebuke and chasten.

Nov. 10. Sat.—Behold I come quickly.

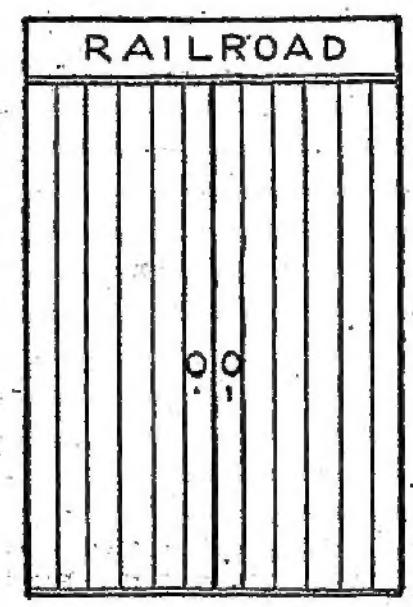
BOYS AND GIRLS

Blackboard Temperance Lesson.

(By Mrs. W. F. Crafts, in 'Youths' Temperance Banner.')

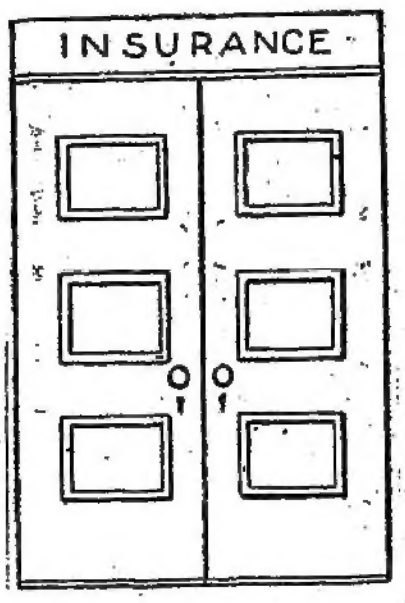
SALOONERS.

You say you never saw this word before? Neither have I. It is a new word. You and I have just as good a right as anybody else to make a new word, especially if we make one that just fits the case. The case this time is the men who spend their time in a saloon, either as the keeper of it, or the patrons of it, they are salooners. You and I know that salooners are not men who have a good name, they are not considered the 'best citizens' in any town or city where they live. Some doors are shut against them, and on the other hand some doors are open to them—wide open. A closed door says, 'Stay out,' an open door says, 'Come in.' Let us put some pictures on the blackboard: First, of the closed doors. Here is the door which leads to a great railway station. No



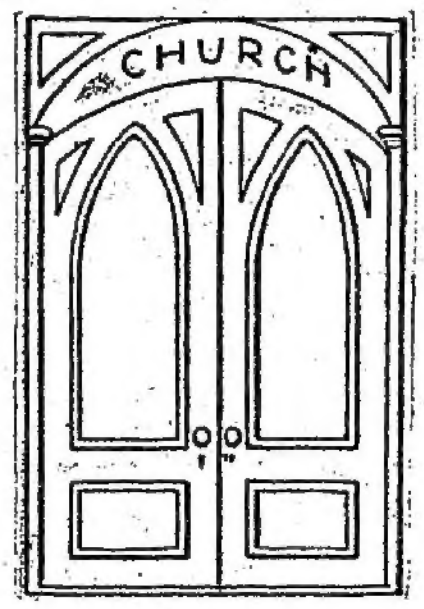
saloonners wanted here. 'We will not employ engineers, nor conductors, nor trainmen who take liquor,' say the great railway companies. 'Life and property are too precious for us to take the risk,' they say. Does it not make you tremble to think about how a drunken engineer might easily bring a whole train filled with people to wreck and death? A drunken switchman, could he be trusted to turn the switch right? No, indeed; he would be more apt to turn it wrong, and so bring trains into collision. Perhaps you have heard about accidents brought about through drunken men before railway companies made the wise rule.

'We don't want the saloooners, either,' say the insurance companies; 'their lives are too uncertain.' Our profits come by men liv-



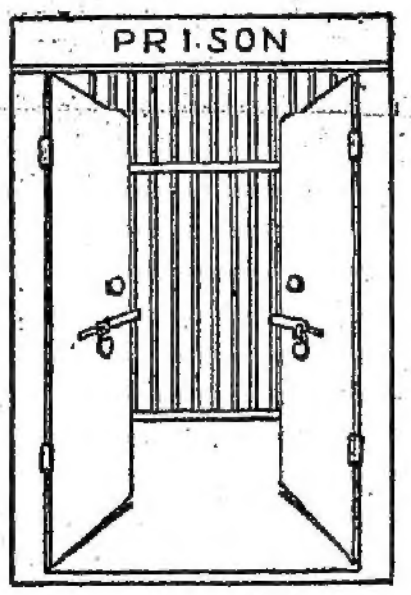
ing a long time, and year after year paying their dues. Whenever a man dies, it is a loss to us.' So it would seem that those insurance companies that shut their doors against saloooners will do the safest and best business.

Here is the church door, it is closed, too. The church says: 'Neither do we want saloooners. We feel that it is right we should close our door, because we are told in the



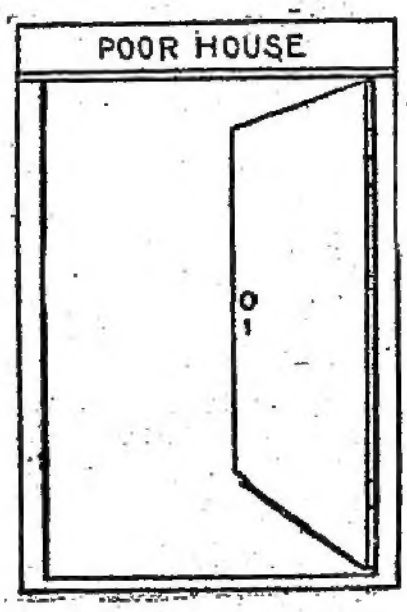
Bible that there is no place in Heaven for drunkards. But just as there is joy in Heaven over one sinner that repenteth, so we will open wide our doors to any one who will say he will no longer be a saloooner.'

Now let us have pictures of some doors that are open to saloooners, wide open—that is, wide open to go in, but not to come out. First we have a prison door. A wise judge, one of the greatest judges in the United States, has said that nine-tenths of all the people who get into jail get there because of strong drink. The prison door stands open so wide that many a saloooner has found him-



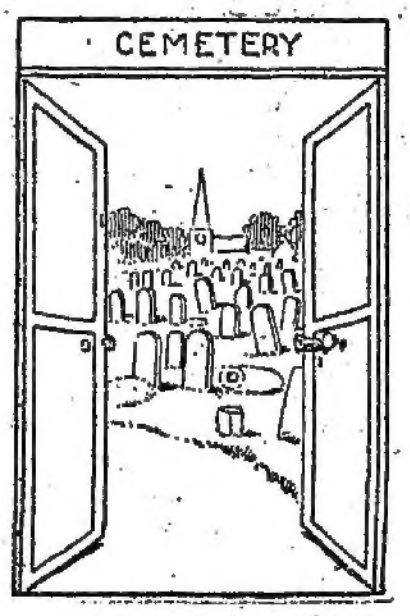
self in there, not knowing how he got in, because he did the crime for which he was sent there when he was drunk. He finds it hard to get out, though; some people have to spend their whole life in prison.

There is another wide open door for sal-



ooners. There is no need of having a door knob on it, nor a keyhole, because there is nothing in it that anybody outside would want to steal. The people inside have no other place to go, so there is no need in fastening the door to keep them inside. In towns where there are no saloons there are no poor houses. When people do not spend their money for drink they can have their own homes, with happy people in them to love them, and plenty to eat and wear.

Here is another open door for saloooners. What does it open into? Into a cemetery. Yes, but into what part of the cemetery?



Not the part where the grand and beautiful monuments are, on which are engraved the noble deeds done, but into that part of the cemetery called the 'potter's field,' where the people are buried who either had no friends to care for them or who left no money to pay for their graves. How little need there would be for a 'potters' field' if there were no saloooners and no saloons.

Which door do you choose? I have you in a fix. You do not want to say I will choose the open doors, neither do you want to say I will choose the closed doors. Let us have it this way: Choose to have the closed doors open, and the open doors closed. Can you not draw them that way on your slates?

War Hymn.

The following three verses are from a hymn specially composed by the Rev. J. Victor Logan, for the use of Ellison Street Presbyterian Church, Jarrow, on Jan. 7, 1900.

'Tune—Leoni.'

Why dost thou vex us, Lord?
  Thy hand is on us sore—
Is it that our long-favored race
  Is thine no more?
Is it that we have sinned,
  Through greed, and pride, and lust,
And rushed on war, forgetting thee,
  In vain self-trust.

Lord, we do not forget!
  Our people love thee still!
Our Empire throngs with godly yet
  Who seek thy will!
The nations' God art thou!
Thy sovereign power we own!
The great prerogative of war
  Is thine alone.

Our follies we confess;
  Chasten'd we mourn our sins;
The pride that fails departs, but stays
  The trust that wins;
If that our Empire's heart
  Is turned to God again,
'Tis not in vain that they have fall'n—
  Our valiant slain.

—'Presbyterian.'

A Samaritan.

(A. Dawson, in 'English Sunday-School Times.')

(Continued from Last Week.)

Sylvia drew near.

'I think it is very good of her,' she said, 'to take us all in like this when there's trouble in the house. And look what a mess our wet boots and dresses have made of the place.'

'Well, I, for one,' said Beatrice, scornfully, 'am not accustomed to be left standing in the rain. I take it as no favor that I should be given shelter. You wouldn't keep a dog out in a storm like that,' she pointed to the window.

'There are other cottages near,' said Sylvia quietly.

For another hour the storm increased and the rain fell in torrents. Then as suddenly it cleared, the clouds rolled away, and the sun broke forth again.

The girls were all on their feet in a moment, weary of their long waiting, and eager to be off.

'Come on,' said Beatrice, glancing at her watch. 'It is after six, and we have miles to go yet.'

They all hastened out at the door, impatient to be on the road again. Sylvia lingered. The floor bore the marks of many muddy feet, the chairs were disordered, and the settle cushions tumbled where some had sat.

'Come, Sylvia.'

Sylvia hastily straightend the chairs. 'Do you not think we should thank the woman?' she said, in a low voice.

'No, she told us to go when the rain was over. She doesn't want to see us again, she made that very clear.'

'All the same, I think I'll wait and thank her,' said Sylvia.

'Do as you please. We won't wait.' And Sylvia heard a smothered laugh as they all passed out and left her.

'The idea of a shopkeeper's daughter setting up to give us all a lesson in manners!' said Beatrice, and the words floated in clearly through the open window.

* * * * * *

Half an hour later, as the girls were nearing home, a little pony carriage passed them. In it sat Sylvia with the woman from the cottage. A smart groom was driving. Sylvia waved as they passed.

'What can it mean?' queried Beatrice, bewildered.

What it meant she and the rest learned later. Madam Bernard summoned all except Sylvia to her presence next day and explained.

'I am sorry to learn from Lady Fernihaugh,' she said drily, 'that among my upper girls I have but one who always remembers that she is a gentlewoman.'

The girls looked at one another and some colored hotly.

'Lady Fernihaugh tells me that one of her gamekeepers, a favorite servant of hers, has been seriously ill and that yesterday she walked to his cottage to inquire for him, giving orders that her pony-carriage should meet her there in an hour. While she was in the cottage a heavy thunderstorm came on, and she, having seen the sick man, waited in the parlor until her carriage should come. Meanwhile a party of girls had been caught in the rain, and came to the door, begging shelter. She saw them through the window, and opened to them, not wishing to disturb the wife of the sick man, who was upstairs nursing him. She showed the girls into the kitchen, because there was a fire there, and then left them. Across the narrow passage some of the conversation reached her ears—but perhaps you know more about that than I do.'

Madam paused, and there was silence long and uncomfortable. At last Beatrice burst out, 'And was that old woman Lady Fernihaugh?'

'None other,' replied Madam Bernard. 'She has taken a great fancy to Sylvia, whose gratitude so prettily expressed was a striking contrast to the rude behaviour of her companions. I have told her what perhaps I should have told you, that Sylvia's father was a professional man in a high position, who met with misfortune and died, leaving his widow unprovided for. That she then opened a shop simply proves her to be a woman of capabilty and resource, as I have always known her to be. She is my old and honored friend, and her daughter will always be dear to mbe both for her mother's sake and her own.'

The girls listened in shame, and not one of them was bold enough to raise a voice in exculpation.

'You may go,' said Madam Bernard.

(The End.)

Socials or Tenths—Which?

At the beginning of the year they pledged themselves to pay one hundred dollars on the church debt that year; and now, at the end of nine months, they had only twenty-one dollars and forty cents in the treasury. They planned moonlight excursions and numerous lawn-fetes, but each time the moon stubbornly refused to lend her aid in raising the church debt, and hid her face behind dark and forbidding clouds.

They had a course of lectures and entertainments which was not as well attended as they hoped it would be, and at the end of the course found themselves twenty-five dollars in debt.

They held an 'Old Folks' Supper,' 'Pink' and 'Blue Teas,' 'Oyster Suppers,' 'Ice-cream Festivals,' a 'Neck-tie' and various other socials, and had, as Lou Benton said, 'just lived through a festival of days,' for which the faithful members of the League expended their time, strength, tempers, and shoe-leather in making, soliciting and gathering in articles to sell, and others with which to decorate the booths and refreshments. Why, Charlie Blue said he had walked fifteen miles gathering in the cakes and other articles, whose donors were unable to send said articles to the church.

And Dorothy Brown, the president of the social department, could not attend this meeting because she had worked so faithfully at the 'festival of days,' that she was threatened with nervous prostration.

After the treasurer's report had been heard, the president asked, 'What shall we do with this debt of seventy-eight dollars and sixty cents? Can any one suggest a new plan for raising this amount?'

Marie Willing told of a new kind of a social she had attended over at Brownsville, but her observations were not listened to with any show of interest.

Then Arthur Freeman said he had a suggestion to make. Now, Arthur had always readily and cheerfully helped in the League work wherever needed, so the members listened with some astonishment when he said, quietly, 'I think we have been on the wrong road all these months, and the conviction has come to me gradually that the Lord has sent the clouds and rain, the thunder and wind storms—it has stormed on nearly every evening set apart for our socials and entertainments—to show us he is not pleased with our methods. I believe we should give of our time and money in a more direct way and a stated amount. If we who earn money, whether a regular salary or not, or have an allowance, would give one-tenth of our money to pay off this debt, we could raise it in the three months left us without one-tenth of the worry, trouble and feetache (with a laughing glance at Charlie Blue) that we have experienced in the last nine months.'

At the close of this speech, surprise, consternation, relief, and various other emotions were depicted on the faces of the members.

'But how can we help who do not earn money?' asked Flossie Wells.

'Why, earn money!' said Arthur, quickly. 'Sell to some one who wants them and has not the time to make them, some of the fancy articles you are always making.'

'And,' with a glance at Charlie Blue, 'it would not take any more time or muscle to saw wood for Deacon Jones after school hours than it takes to run all over town collecting cakes and other articles for our socials.'

This new plan called forth much discussion, favorable and otherwise, but was finally adopted by the League; and no other meeting, except the devotional and literary were held during the next three months.

But what an enthusiastic company they were when called together at the end of the three months to learn the outcome of their new plan! Every one brought something. Flossie Wells, who had taken Arthur's advice about selling her fancy articles, was the happy contributor of three dollars.

Charlie Blue, with much inward satisfaction, but outward composure, dropped a five-dollar gold piece in the basket, earned by sawing wood, doing errands, the price of a ball he wanted, and of the candy he did not buy.

Then the tenths—how they filled up the basket—from the teachers and book-keepers who earned from twenty-five to fifty dollars a month; the clerks, sewing-girls and others, who earned smaller salaries, and an occasional offering from some father or mother.

Dorothy Brown's father sent ten dollars, a thank-offering for the restoration of his old, cheerful Dorothy in place of the overworked, nervous Dorothy she had become under the social reign.

And the result? Why, one hundred and seven dollars in the treasury, leaving seven dollars with which to begin the new year after paying off the debt, more social and mercy and help calls made than ever before, and increased interest in the devotional meetings.—C. S. Palmer, in 'The Western Christian Advocate.'

The brewer, the distiller, the saloon-keeper, and tobacco-seller want your money. Why should you give them your money to make them rich, and enable them to live in splendid houses, and to dress in broadcloth, silk, and fine linen, while you and your family are kept poor, and needy, and suffering for the actual necessaries of life in a vast multitude of cases? Why should you part with your money and receive in return from the saloon-keeper and tobacco-seller nothing but some of the most deadly poisons known, such as beer, fermented wine, whiskey, brandy, and tobacco, which enslave the user in body and mind; poisons which are depraving and destroying more of the human family than all other poisons put together? Yes, as the Hon. Mr. Gladstone truly declared in regard to intoxicating drinks, 'more than war, pestilence, and famine combined.'—'Temperance Advocate.'

Plants that Eat Insects.

(By Emily Carter.)

Nearly all plants like to attract insects of one kind and another, and have all sorts of contrivances to tempt them, generally with a view to a fair bargain. The flower says to the insect: 'I will give you some of my honey store, if you will carry some of my pollen to one of my relations living a little way off. 'The insect generally agrees, and they are both benefited, but there are other plants which prefer a one-sided bargain, and attract insects only to eat them up. These are generally the plants which have small poor roots, so that they find it difficult to draw enough food out of the ground.

The sundew, found growing on most boggy pieces of land, has a white flower, which opens for so short a time that, though I have seen hundreds of flower buds, I have only once caught one out. The flower is at the upper end of a long, slender stalk, so as not to interfere with the business of the round, flat leaves, which spread them-

SUNDEW. BUTTERWORT.

selves out in the sun, their red hairs making them look like flowers. At the end of each hair is a drop of sticky stuff like honey, that makes many an unlucky fly think he has found a store that will last him his life; and so he really has, for no sooner does he touch one hair than those near him bend over him suddenly, and then all the others follow suit, till he is fast imprisoned. When the hairs open again, an hour or so later, there are very few remains of that fly.

The butterwort, found in our peaty meadows, has sticky, hairy leaves, which hold a fly fast, if he settles on one for a moment; then a part of the leaf rolls over, and he is soaked up into the tissues of the leaf. The bladderwort is a water-plant, having a number of little bags attached to its leaves, which are under water, formed like eel-traps, so that little water-insects can easily get in, but are unable to get out again. The teazle is quite a beginner in the art of catching insects. It has two ordinary leaves, which grow opposite to each other, and form a little cup round the stem. In this, rain or dew often lodges, and tiny insects are sometimes drowned; but it is not quite certain whether the teazle has yet learnt to use them for food.

The nepenthes are found in Borneo, and are much bigger than our English plants. These pitchers look like flowers; but they are really only an extension of the mid-rib of the leaf. They are usually half full of a watery fluid, in which innumerable flies are drowned; for they are attracted to the plant by patches of honey just inside the pitchers; and once in, they cannot get out. The Australian pitcher is a leaf rolled like a long trumpet. It is easy for a fly to walk into the honey store; but quite another matter to walk out, on account of the numerous hairs lining the interior, al turning downwards.

It is not very well understood exactly how these plants make use of the insects, but it is known that they produce a kind of acid

AUSTRALIAN PITCHER-PLANT. PITCHER-PLANT. FROM BORNEO.

inside the pitchers, which partly dissolves the bodies of the insects, which are thus absorbed by the plants much in the same way that manure and other substances are drawn from the earth and sucked up in the water by the ordinary roots of a plant. Thus we see one of the many wonderful and varied provisions of nature; for these plants generally grow in such positions that ordinary roots are more useful to hold the plant in place than to supply it with moisture and nourishment.

The flowers are on large spikes, and in their own homes the pollen is blown by the wind from the stamens of one flower on to the stigmas of another; but at home, where they have to be grown in greenhouses, the gardener has to take the place of the wind, or the plants would never form any seed; these seeds are so light that it takes 870,000 of them to weigh an ounce.

Miriam's Waking Up.

(By Annie Hamilton Donnell, in 'Presbyterian Banner.')

'Mother, will you keep the boys out of the upper hall, when I'm trying to think? They're playing horse up here and it is just enough to drive anybody distracted! Just as I'd got such a beautiful idea, too!'

The plaintive voice trailed down to the hot kitchen and entered mother's ear, faintly but insistently. Mother sighed gently. It had been such a relief to have the boys upstairs a while.

'Come, boys!' she called, cheerily. 'Come down here and play. Maybe 'twill clear off soon, who knows? Then you can run out doors.'

There was a scramble and pounding of little feet. Then a clatter as of a descending avalanche. The boys were coming down stairs!

'Come on, hurry, Benny! Miriam's got another thinking-spell. We'll have heaps jollier times down where mother is. She don't have 'em.'

'Huh, no!' cried Benny's scornful little voice. 'If mother did, I guess we might as well run away.'

Mother smiled over her work. The smile lighted up her worn, thin face wonderfully. It almost rested it.

'There!' murmured Miriam, in relief. 'Now I can think. I don't know why mother will let those dreadful fly-abouts come up here, when I'm in my room. She knows I must be thinking. Oh, dear, I do wish people would realize how important it is for me to have quiet if I am to accomplish anything in my work!'

Half an hour later mother climbed to Miriam's room to get her lamp to trim. She stopped in the open door to get her breath, after the steep climb, and the little picture within drew her attention. Miriam lay in her beloved 'Aunt Rhody's' lap, with her slender white hands folded and her pretty face full of dreamy contentment. It was very becoming to Miriam to think. The sun and the soft coloring of the girl's wrapper, and the shadow-traceries of the glory vines in the window, blended together into a beautiful picture. Mother wanted to sit down and look at it and—rest. But from below came the sound of boyish distress, and a baby's cry. It was cool and still and restful in Miriam's room—it was hot and noisy and troublous in the kitchen. One bitter thought crept into mother's heart—and out again. Dear child! she had her 'talent'—should her mother be the one to tell her to hide it away in a napkin?

But her mother was so tired! The rest of the long, hot, busy day loomed ahead interminably. The moment of rest—to draw a free breath, with the scent of evening it it—was like a far perspective to mother.

'If I can only hold out!' she said to herself. The Lord took it for a prayer, but the answer was according to his own plans. The Lord had his plans all made for mother.

Miriam dreamed away the morning, and the afternoon. She took a few minutes to go out and mail the three thick envelopes that represented her 'thinking' of the last two weeks. That really was work enough for the day. When the harvest of those three letters was ripe—Miriam sank back in 'Aunt Rhody's' embrace and spent the money! And the girl's plans were not all selfish ones. Mother and the boys came into them, and there was room even for the baby.

Late in the afternoon, a sudden outcry arose down stairs. Then both boys came running wildly up to Miriam.

'Mother's gone to sleep right in the middle of the kitchen floor!' they cried, in chorus. 'She is so sound asleep we can't wake her up. Benny's tried and I've tried, and now the baby's a-trying.'

Miriam swept them aside like chaff and was down in the little hot kitchen before they had fairly picked themselves up. She lifted the slight, limp figure and laid it on the lounge in the sitting-room, murmuring beseeching little words to it. It seemed to her that her heart would break if mother did not answer. But mother slept on peacefully, as if it felt too good to rest to listen even to the 'little girl' she loved.

The doctor came and woke up mother. He prescribed perfect rest for her, and, in the mists around her, mother heard and smiled wearily. Miriam heard, too, but she did not smile. She set her lips together tight and threw up her pretty head in determination. 'Yes, oh yes! Mother should have perfect rest! Poor, tired mother!' That night Miriam sat by mother's bed and 'thought.' It was harder thinking than she had ever done before in her life. Plain, pitiful facts arrayed themselves before her and peered at her out of the dim lamp light. She saw mother young and fair, as she first remembered her, smiling often and singing about her work. That was when mother was young—but mother was young now. It wasn't time for her to look worn and white and wrinkled yet. It was the time for her dear face to be smooth and soft and bright. Mother was right in the beautiful prime of life.

'And I promised father to take care of her,' mourned Miriam's thoughts. 'I meant to. I—I thought I had been. I was going to earn such a lot of money with the stories and do such great things for the boys and

all! And all the time there was mother getting thin and old and worn-out. That was how I helped her!'

Mother was very sick for a little while. There were days when she did not know them at all, and those were the days that Miriam 'thought' the hardest. She took care of mother and kept the little house with untiring patience and love. One after the other the thick envelopes came home to her, but she scarcely noticed them. The boys carried them upstairs and left them on the little table, wistfully, as if the wonderful fortunes in them had turned to ashes in their hands.

One day in the early fall mother, wan and white, crept back among them.

The shadow over the little house lifted then and the boys ventured to whistle softly and to step on their heels again.

'Feels queer, don't it? Don't your heels seem's if they b'longed to somebody else, Ben?' whispered the other boy. 'I bet we'll have to get used to them all over again.'

Miriam sat in her room a minute before ten one afternoon. She sat upright on the very edge of 'Aunt Rhody,' and knit her brows resolutely.

'No, go away boys,' she said, 'I'm thinking.'

'Oh, dear!' groaned the boys, 'It's come on again! She's a-thinking and we might just as well give up! Now, mother, go to work and get sick—and everything.'

But Miriam was thinking how she could manage to send her mother away to the mountains for a few weeks. It must be done!

'If I could only sell all my old stories for old junk!' she thought, bitterly. She took out a half-finished story and read it through idly. Then she sat up straighter still, her eyes shining with new resolution. After the children were in bed and mother settled comfortably and the muffins fixed and everything—then she would finish that story. She could do it! A new courage and power seemd to possess her.

Three weeks afterward the boys brought Miriam a letter. It was not thick or big or important looking at all. But how eagerly Miriam opened it! Her fingers fumbled awkwardly in their eagerness.

'For mother's sake, dear Lord,' she prayed in her heart.

'"Tain't nothing but a little piece o' paper! —huh!' cried Benny, peering over her shoulder, but Miriam was waving the little piece of paper and crying, 'Mother! Mother!' and mother was crying, too.

The beautiful blue hills loomed a very little way off, and long clear breaths for mother—and rest.

'Oh, mother,' Miriam cried softly, 'you haven't got to go to heaven to get rested.'

The Sawing Match.

In one corner of the old academy playground a group had gathered about two boys, Sandy Jardine and Max Guerney. Sandy was a tall, strong, large-featured chap, as opposite as the poles to the little, lithe, dark youth who stood near him, looking up in his face with laughing black eyes.

They were leaders, these two, each of his particular clan; and respecting their popularity the school was nearly equally divided. A strong rivalry existed between them, good-natured enough, for the most part, though sometimes verging toward unfriendliness. Just now Sandy was evidently excited, almost angry. In a foot-race the preceeding Saturday Max had beaten him, gaining a supremacy which he possibly might hold.

'Yes, you did whip me, fast enough,' Sandy was saying, while a dull red mounted to his cheek. 'But, all the same, I'll whip you to pay for it, and any day you've a mind to set.'

'The track was too short,' cried one of Sandy's champions. 'That's what's the matter. By the time Sandy got under headway he had to turn. The walk was laid out for little fellows.'

Considerable laughter followed this sally; and the 'little fellow,' Max, joined in it heartily.

'Come, I'l match you in any way you like!' continued Sandy. 'Come now—rowing, riding, running, wrestling—which shall it be? Come! I dare you, Max Guerney!' A little murmur of approval ran around the group, and the boys waited for Max's reply. Well they knew he would never refuse a dare. 'I, as the challenged party, have a right to choose the weapons?' interrogated Max, with a side glance from his laughing black eyes. 'Well, then, I'll neither ride nor row nor wrestle. But I'll saw wood with you, Sandy; and you may beat me, if you can.

'I'll tell you.' Max's voice rose clear above the tumult. 'I'm in earnest enough. There's old Uncle Nathan Blines and his wife, poorer than double distilled poverty; and nobody to do a hand's turn for 'em since 'Siah died. I saw Uncle Nathan out chewing at his woodpile. You know they hauled him some cord-wood last winter—your father, Sandy, and mine. There's pretty near five cords of wood, I guess; and we'll have somebody divide and measure it for us. Then we'll saw to win; and, if you whip me in it, Sandy, the next Saturday I'll match you in splitting and housing it for them. What do you say?'

Sandy joined in the cheers and laughter with the utmost good nature.

'Done!' nodded he. 'I'll do it.'

Up spoke a slim, wiry litle fellow at his elbow. 'You sha'n't do the whole of it. Say, Charlie Bugbee, I'll split for Sandy, and you for Max.'

'Agreed!' said Charlie.

'And we'll wheel in for you two, Art Humphrey and I,' declared Sandy's brother, Jack. 'Won't we, Art?'

'Whew! What a fine thing we are going to make out of it!' laughed Max. 'I'll tell you, boys, we might have the match in Uncle Nathan's back yard. Charge fifteen cents or so admission, and give Uncle Nathan the money.'

'Hooray!' shouted Reub Story. 'My brother Bob works in the Clarendon 'Star' office, and I'll get him to print our hand-bills. He owes me ten cents, anyway.'

'Good for you, Reub!' cried Max. 'Grand sawing match! Ditto splitting! Ditto wheeling! Fifteen cents admission. Children full price. Gate open from 10 a.m. to 5 p.m.'

Next day the prospective sawing match was noised about the town, and a day or two later the hand-bills were out. It made a great deal of talk, both sportive and serious, in the little village.

'It's a good idee—a fust-rate idee.' That was Captain Winty Coolidge, you might know. 'It larns the boys that mixin' kindness to other folks with their fun don't hurt nothin'. It's wuth a quarter, and I'm a-goin to pay it.'

There was every indication that the sawing match would be a success financially.

'I don't believe the back yard will hold 'em all,' laughed Max to the half-dozen boys who with him were taking their homeward way after school Friday night. 'Have you got the tickets, Reub?'

'Yes, a hundred and fifty of 'em.'

'Good! Now all we want is a fair day.'

Hazy clouds veiled the burning face of the sun, and there was a cool breeze blowing. The sawing was to begin at nine o'clock, and before that time the board benches ranged along the back yard fence were filled with merry lookers-on.

At precisely the same instant the first two logs across the saw-horse fell in twain.

How everybody cheered, sending little tingles of excitement thrilling along every boyish nerve!

The hours wore on. The crowd came and went, surging in and out of the back yard with jolly chat and laughter. The saws shrieked, the axes flashed in air, the wheelbarrows trundled from woodpile to woodshed. Peleg, who had been engaged to make music for the occasion, fiddled through and through his reportoire of tunes, from 'Yankee Doodle' to 'Money Musk;' and at length came high noon, with twenty minutes for refreshments.

In the afternoon the excitement waxed stronger. The boys sawed steadily on, with scarcely any symptoms of fatigue.

Everybody was laughing and talking of the sport. Even Mrs. Colonel Grosvenor, the great lady of the village, drove up to the back yard gate in her carriage, bringing a demijohn of delicious iced lemonade for the young sawyers and their friends. Captain Winty Coolidge walked around, rubbing pudgy hands together, and sprinkling in encouraging remarks between the shrieks of the saws and the squeaks of the fiddle.

'It's a good thing to strengthen the muscles—the muscles. A long chalk sensibler than walking ten hours to the stretch—so 'tis, so 'tis! Good, boys! Doing well, all on ye!'

And how earnest every one became, to be sure, when the sticks in each woodpile might be counted!

'You never saw anything like it,' said Max to his mother, betwen huge mouthfuls of bread and jam, at the tea-table that night. 'Everybody who had a handkerchief shook it, I know; and Aunt Naby waved her big checked apron. They were all singing out, "Go it!" and "Good!" till a fellow couldn't hear himself think. Uncle Nathan sat in the door, trotting his foot and wiping his eyes; though what for I can't imagine. Oh, 'twas great! And, when we counted up the money, there were $29.60 clear cash for Uncle Nathan.

His Friend.

Some months after a young man's conversion he chanced to meet one of his former dissolute companions, who seemed overjoyed to see him, and asked him to go with him to a neighboring bar-room. But the young man refused, saying:

'I have a friend with me.'

'I don't see anyone with you.'

'You can't see him, but he is here.'

'Bring him in with you.'

'No; he never goes into bar-rooms.'

'Then let him wait outside.'

'No, no,' was the final answer. 'My friend is Jesus Christ, and if I go in with you he'll not wait.'

Noble answer was this! and like his Lord the young man was delivered by it from the power of evil.

Remember, this best friend 'will not wait' outside places of sin.

Who can take his place if he leaves you? —English 'S. S. Times.'

Spot.

(By Mrs. Minnie O. Coy, in 'Presbyterian Banner.')

I had driven into the village one morning to do some trading, and while awaiting my turn in one of the stores, I noticed a large, handsome cat lying asleep upon a counter near which I stood. She was curled up like a ball, utterly indifferent to everything about her, never moving, beyond lazily opening her great yellow eyes and immediately closing them again, when I stepped over and gently stroked the glossy fur, though, a contented purring showed that she appreciated the attention.

'Getting acquainted with old Spot, are you, Miss Dawson?' said the store-keeper, coming over to where I stood when the customers he had been waiting on left the store.

'Yes, or trying to, but she seems to prefer a nap to my company. It is very evident that she has a good home here,' I replied.

'Well, yes; she came near losing it once, though,' he added. 'It wasn't my fault that she didn't, but her cuteness in getting around me.'

'Indeed! How was that?' I asked.

'Well, just sit down and make yourself comfortable—you can keep an eye on your pony from here—it was while we lived on our farm, several years ago. We had this cat and a couple of others, and we'd talked a good deal about getting rid of some of them. Mother there,' nodding towards his wife, a little silver-haired old lady who had just entered the store with her knitting work in her hands, 'thought it would be kinder and more merciful to kill them than it would to take them off somewhere and leave them, or give them away and risk their getting as good a home as they had with us.'

'And so it would!' I interrupted emphatically.

'Yes, I dare say, but I couldn't see it in that light then, and when Spot brought home three kittens one day, a week or two old, and showed them to us with all the pride in the world, I made up my mind it was time to do more than talk of disposing of them. So I harnessed one of the horses, put the cat and her kittens into a covered basket and taking them in the carriage I drove away out to the sand-cut—over seven miles, you know—and there I turned them out on the ground in the woods and left them. I looked back several times as I was driving away. As far as I could see them the old cat stood perfectly still looking after me, her helpless babies sprawling about her feet. I had argued that it would be cruel to take their lives from them simply because we didn't want them; that they would probably find a home somewhere, and, anyway, it was early spring, and they would manage to get along somehow. But I must own that that view of it didn't look quite so plain then. I could not get the half-dazed, reproachful expression of the old cat's eyes out of my mind all day, and when evening came on, damp and chilly, I wondered how she and her kittens were getting along off there in the woods, on the cold, wet ground, instead of sleeping in their warm, cosy bed in the woodshed. It really seemed lonesome not to see old Spot around the house, and I missed her coming to jump upon my knee, as she often did.

'For some reason or other I didn't sleep very well that night. Mother, too, was wakeful. Pretty well along towards morning she sat up, saying:

'"Seems to me I heard a cat at the door. Did you hear it?"

'"Yes," said I. "It's Tip or Topsy. I thought they were both in the shed."

'"So they are. It's Spot, I do believe!"

'"Oh, nonsense!" said I sitting up, too. "Spot's far enough away from here; we won't be troubled with her again, poor thing; it's some strange cat."

'"But it sounds like her voice," says mother. "Get a light and see, anyway."

'I was already getting one, and going out through the sitting-room I opened the outside door. Would you believe it? There was that cat, sure enough, and one of the kittens! The poor thing had found her way home, somehow, and carried the kitten, for it wasn't able to walk, although large and heavy for her to lug. She was dead tired out. She crawled in and lay down, not even wanting to look at the milk mother hurried to bring her. Just between ourselves mother cried—'

'Now, William,' interrupted the old lady, with dignity, 'don't lay it all to me; you know very well you were just as bad! And, indeed, who wouldn't be, I'd like to know?'

'Well, at any rate, she stayed and rested awhile, then after eating a bit, away she went. It was just after daylight of the following morning when she came back with the second kitten. That was too much for me, and I harnessed Kitty, took Spot in the buggy and drove out to where I had left them. I put her down there, and waited till she finally dragged the third kitten out from where she had him hid in a hollow tree, and brought the yowling little wretch to lay him down at my feet. Then I put them both into the basket and brought them home, and here she has been ever since, and will be, too, as long as she lives. And I've made up my mind that it is kinder to a dumb animal to kill it than it is to turn it adrift and let it take its chance of finding a good home or getting along all right.'

'Indeed it is!' I answered. 'One is sure, then, that they are not being worried or starved or frozen, and—'

But just here my pony, who had been steadily watching the door and giving various signs of impatience at my non-appearance, began such a determined pounding with her hoofs upon the sidewalk that I sprang up in a hurry, and hastily procuring the articles I wanted, we were soon speeding merrily homewards.

Reading in the Dark.

In a small village in Herefordshire lived a poor blind woman. Her blindness came on in middle life, when she was compelled in consequence to give up her occupation as the teacher of a village school.

Her cottage was two miles from the parish church; her husband had never entered its doors since their marriage, and was not disposed to take his wife. She had no children who could take her, and the few neighbors did not concern themselves about the matter, so she was compelled to remain at home; and in this way she seems to have been much overlooked.

A kind-hearted lady came into the neighborhood for a time, and in real goodness of heart, resolved to learn the system of reading for the blind, and then to teach the woman.

As soon as she was able to read she went to the cottage of the blind woman, which was at some distance from her house.

This was followed by the unbarring of the door, when the following conversation took place—

'Why do you bar the door?'

'For fear of the tramps; for this is the last cottage before you come to the wood. My husband never comes home till eight at night, and he leaves at four in the morning.'

'Your cottage looks so nice, I suppose he earns enough to be comfortable?'

'Yes; his wages are good.'

'If God has so blessed you, how is it you never go to His house to give Him thanks?'

'It is so far, and there is no one to take me; besides, I feel so angry with God for making me blind.'

'What do you do all day?'

'I sweep the house six times, then I know it is clean; and afterwards I sit down and cry. I am so very miserable. If you were blind you would cry too.'

'I don't think I should, for I would learn to read.'

It was arranged that the lady should teach her. The poor woman was much astonished with the success of her first effort, and persevered until she could read the Bible with ease and comfort.

She read as she had never read before; not only did she read with her fingers instead of her eyes, but she read with her understanding and her heart also. The very first time she was able to read the Scriptures for herself, she laid her head on the table and burst into tears.

'I had read these words years ago,' she said, 'but they never spoke to me as they do now.'

A new life was opened to her, a new state of being, with new impulses and desires and hopes was begun. She lived the life of faith in him who had loved her and given himself for her.

The house and its surroundings seemed changed. Literally her crying was turned into singing, and her grief into praise. The neighbors heard her singing the songs of Zion when they passed her door, and that led them to enter and offer to lead her to public worship on Sundays. Her love for God's house became as strong as her indifference had been great, for, wet or dry, she would wend her way to the church, remarking, "Every soul in the place would be coming too if they could but read the Book.'

The effect on her husband also was marked. He who had thought her a burden, and had often scolded and beaten her, came to consider her as one of the cleverest women in the village, for she could read in the dark, and he often invited the neighbors in to hear her. Instead of going to the beer-shop, he came home, sat by the fire and smoked his pipe, and, putting out the candle, heard her read words that were as new to him as they were sweet to her.—'Friendly Greetings.'

Any Use.

'How do I know that it is of any use to pray?' repeated Aunt Dorcas, poising her knitting needles, and looking at the questioner. 'Did you ever send a telegraph message? Well, how do you know there was anybody at the other end of that wire, or that your message went where you wanted it to go?'

'Because I received an answer.'

'Well, that's the same way I know that prayers are heard—because I've had the answer. Maybe, if you had only left your message at the telegraph office, given no address, and gone on your way without waiting or looking for any reply, you wouldn't believe in telegrams either. That is the way a good many people send their messages to God, and even when the asked-for blessing comes to them they either forget that they ever prayed for it, or they call it one of the things that would have happened anyway.'—'Forward.'

LITTLE FOLKS

A Hindoostanee Junior Endeavor Society.

(Effie Hallock Braddock, in 'Christian Endeavor World.')

'Ab ham awen?' ('Now shall we come?') It was one o'clock of a Sabbath afternoon. The meeting was supposed to begin at three; but then it was their very own meeting, they had no clock, and how could they wait? So the missionary nodded, the litle brown face at the window disappeared, and the patter of bare feet running to summon the others was heard. Soon the whole small brownie tribe of the native Christian compound filed into the room. All seated themselves decorously and comfortably, Oriental style, in a circle upon the floor, and were ready to begin.

It was the missionary's turn to lead the meeting. After an opening hymn a passage of Scripture was read, 'verse about,' the ready readers taking great pleasure in helping the slower ones. Then all prostrated themselves in prayer, as did the patriarchs of old, the hand upon the mouth and the mouth in the dust, every head toward the centre of the circle. After each one had prayed, the tiniest repeating the Lord's Prayer, prompted by an older brother or sister —not counting the babies in arms, who could not talk, of course—the leader said, 'Now I'll tell you a story about a little girl, and as soon as you can tell her name raise your hand, and come and whisper it to me.' The black eyes sparkled, and all settled themselves to listen.

'Once upon a time,' began the leader, 'there was a little girl. One day her mother said, "Now I want you to mind the baby, dear, while I go out to work." The little girl did not pout nor fret, nor say, "I think somebody else might do it one day in the year!" No, and it was well for her she didn't, for that baby grew up to be a famous man, and by his help she became a distinguished woman. Every one wants to be remembered. While kings and princes are turned to dust and their names are forgotten, this little girl is remembered, all because she was faithful in minding the baby. If she had said to herself, "He is asleep; now I can run away and play," what a difference it would have made! Not only to her and to the baby, for the fate of her nation and of the Church of God hung that day upon her obedience—and she did not know it.

DRAWING LESSON.

'The little girl's parents were slaves. The mother carried the baby out to a nice place by the riverside, put him in his little cradle basket, told the little girl to watch him, and went away.

'After a time the little girl saw a richly dressed young lady, with young serving-maids and companions respectfully following after, coming toward her. I think her heart must have begun to beat, and that she prayed God to save her little brother. Not that a pretty young lady would be likely to hurt a dear little baby, but the king of that country had ordered the little boy babies of the slaves to be thrown into the river. The little girl's mother had put the baby, cradle and all, into the edge of the river; but that wasn't exactly what the cruel king had meant.

'Well, the pretty lady came nearer, and soon the little girl heard her say something like this: "What is that queer thing floating there among the reeds? Pijari, wade out and get it." Pijari waded out, and, picking up the cradle basket, carried it to her mistress. When they opened the basket, they saw the prettiest little boy! The baby awoke, and began to cry. "Poor little thing," said the princess (for, as it happened, this was the cruel king's own daughter; but she had not inherited her father's disposition), "poor little creature! This must be the child of one of the slaves."

'The little sister was looking and listening, and doubtless praying. Quick as a flash she said, "Shall I run and call one of the slave women to nurse it for you?"

'The princess said, "Yes; go call some one."

'The little girl scudded away straight to her mother. In a low tone she said, "O, mother, the princess found the baby, and she wants you to come and take care of it for her." With the little girl she hurried to the princess on the river-bank.

'The princess said to her, "Take this child away, and nurse it for me and I'll give you your wages."

'The mother of the little girl yearned to catch up the baby and hug it, but she was too wise. She slowly lifted the baby and went away home. How they would wait for father to come home from his work that they might tell him all about it! And how they would thank God and praise the little girl that evening!'

As the story had proceeded, one little brown hand after another had gone up, waving wildly. Its owner had been allowed to whisper the name, and had resumed his seat satisfied, to watch the others as it slowly dawned upon them. One child remembered that the baby was Moses, but could not recall the sister's name.

It was understood that the one who first guessed was to lead the next meeting, and tell the story to be guessed.

The next Sabbath Baij Nath told the following story:

'There was once a little girl playing about the compound, when the cry arose, "Sepoy ae hain! Sepoy ae hain!' "The soldiers are coming!" The little girl knew what that meant, and ran and hid herself in the dark kothri (closet); but the soldiers found her, and dragged her out, and how frightened she was, and how she did cry! When all the loot was brought together, the captain of the band saw the little girl, and he said: "That's a pretty little wench. I'll just take her along as a present for my wife." So they took the little girl miles and miles away, and she never saw her mother or her father or her home any more. But the little girl was glad that the captain had not let his soldiers kill her; so she was not sulky, but tried to be a good little girl, though in bondage. Her master was a korhi (leper), and one day the little girl was talking to the other servants, and she said, "I only wish the captain were in my country, and our prophet would soon cure him." Some one told the captain what the little girl said; so he went back to her country, and soon returned quite well, and was always ever after very kind to the little girl. Now what was her name?'

Can you tell?

How Annie Helped.

Mamma had been sewing all day and she did look so pale and tired! The day had been very trying, for a small blue dress for Annie somehow would not go right. The seamstress had made a mistake which mamma had the greatest trouble in straightening out.

Annie was drawing in the nice, deep window seat. Annie liked to draw, and used to amuse herself making all kinds of pictures of houses and trees and men and women. She was drawing an interesting farm, full of chickens that were as big as cows, and cows that were as big as the farm-house, when she heard some one sigh. She looked up and saw that it was mamma, who was leaning back in her chair, looking so tired.

Then a thought came to Annie. She laid down the paper, and went quietly out of the room.

Down in the dining-room she found a little tray. On the tray she laid a little white napkin. Then she took down mamma's teacup and a shiny teaspoon, a little plate, and some lumps of sugar in a little saucer, and put them on the tray. Then she asked Mary, the cook, if she would make a cup of tea for her to take up to her mamma. Mary was delighted, and brought in a wee blue pitcher of cream and two of the thinnest little slices of bread and butter.

'I tell you, Miss Annie, I saw two of the biggest strawberries I've seen in my life out in the garden. Your mamma likes strawberries.'

'That will be lovely,' cried Annie, and out she scampered to the place Mary had pointed out. They were almost as big as apples. Annie picked them with as long stems as she could and took two or three leaves, too.

Then as she passed a bed of 'Jack' roses, she picked one little fresh, bright one. Dear, dear! how pretty the tray looked.

'And I shall carry it up all myself, and you'll see that I won't spill one drop.'

Mary held the dining-room door open for the eager little girl.

Mamma's head was bent over her sewing, when she heard some cautious, slow little steps. She glanced up, and there she saw Annie carrying that pretty tray.

'Why, dearie!' mamma cried, all the tired tone vanishing from her voice. 'Just exactly what I wanted, but I was too busy to ask for it.'

Annie was so delighted she hardly knew what to do, but she had to be very calm not to upset the tea. They put the tray down on the machine, and mamma noticed everything that was on it before she poured the cream into her tea.

'But, dearie, you must eat one of those big strawberries, or I shall not be at all happy.'

What a jolly, happy little tea-party they had! And how glad the litle girl was to think that she, just Annie all by herself, had so quickly made mamma happy and rested!

Little girls can do much more than they sometimes think they can to make mamma happy.—'Examiner.'

Little Foxes.

Among my tender vines I spy
A little fox named—By-and-bye

Then set upon him quick, I say,
The swift young hunter—Right away.

Around each tender vine I plant
I find the little fox—I can't.

Then, fast as ever hunter ran,
Chase him with bold and brave—I can.

No use in trying—lags and whines
This fox among my tender vines.

Then drive him low and drive him high
With this young hunter named—I'll try.

Among the vines in my small lot
Creeps in the fox—I forgot!

Then hunt him out, and to his den,
With—I will not forget again!

A little fox is hidden there
Among my vines named—I don't care!

Then let I'm sorry!—hunter true—
Chase him afar from vines and you.
—'St. John's Messenger.'

LESSON VI.—NOV. 11.

The Rich Man and Lazarus.

Luke xvi., 19-31. Memory verses, 19-22. Read Luke xvi., 19, to xvii., 10.

Daily Readings.

M. The Perils—Luke xviii., 18-30.
T. The Fool—Luke xii., 13-21.
W. The Wise—Proverbs xxx., 1-9.
T. Prosperity—Psalm lxxiii., 1-28.
F. Warnings—I Timothy vi., 1-21.
S. Destinies—Matthew xxv., 31-46.

Golden Text.

'Lay up for yourselves treasures in Heaven.'—Matt. vi., 20.

Lesson Text.

(19) There was a certain rich man, which was clothed in purple and fine linen and fared sumptuously every day. (20) And there was a certain beggar named Lazarus, which was laid at his gate, full of sores. (21) And desiring to be fed with the crumbs which came from the rich man's table; moreover the dogs came and licked his sores. (22) And it came to pass that the beggar died, and was carried by the angels into Abraham's bosom; the rich man also died and was buried; (23) And in hell he lifted up his eyes, being in torments, and seeth Abraham afar off, and Lazarus in his bosom. (24) And he cried and said, Father Abraham, have mercy on me, and send Lazarus, that he may dip the tip of his finger in water and cool my tongue; for I am tormented in this flame. (25) But Abraham said, Son, remember that thou in thy lifetime receivedst thy good things, and likewise Lazarus evil things; but now he is comforted, and thou art tormented. (26) And besides all this, between us and you there is a great gulf fixed; so that they which would pass from hence to you cannot; neither can they pass to us, that would come from thence. (27) Then he said, I pray thee therefore, father, that thou wouldst send him to my father's house: (28) For I have five brethren; that he may testify unto them, lest they also come into this place of torment. (29) Abraham said unto him, They have Moses and the prophets; let them hear them. (30) And he said, Nay, father Abraham: but if one went unto them from the dead, they will repent. (31) And he said unto him, If they hear not Moses and the prophets, neither will they be persuaded, though one rose from the dead.

Suggestions.

The fault of the rich man lay not in his possession of riches, but in his misuse of riches. He was not rich toward God. (Luke xii., 19-21.) He was a slave to mammon, worshipping luxury instead of God. (Luke xvi., 13.) He was an unwise, dishonest steward, neglecting every opportunity for doing good with his wealth and spending it instead in vain pomp and show. When the rich man made a feast he called in his rich neighbors and kinsmen— (Luke xiv., 12-14)—and the beggar who lay at his very doorway received the merest pittance of scraps thrown to him by the rich man's slaves.

The rich man is known as Dives, but that is simply the Latin designation of one who has riches, it is not a name. The names of rich men are well known on earth, but they are evidently not considered worth mention in Heaven, unless connected with some deed of love and mercy. It has been well said that gold is of no more consideration in Heaven than dust is here, for there they make the very streets of gold. A man is not honorable for his possessions, but for his use of those possessions. The greater the wealth the greater the responsibilities. It is not a sin to be rich, but it is an awful sin to misuse riches. A man who covets riches and obtains them, is no worse than a man who covets and does not obtain. God judges by the spirit, not by material things. Riches may take to themselves wings—(Prov. xxiii., 5)—and vanish suddenly, but character is a permanent possession; at best the wealth of this world is only for this world, all must be laid down on this side of the grave. Woe to the man who by his love of money has robbed his soul of its eternal inheritance. It is easy enough to denounce the rich man, but it is safe first to look at home and see if there be in our own hearts any mammon worship, any lust of gain, any neglect of visible opportunities. To speak figuratively, Let us be sure there are no beggars lying unfed at our own doors.

The rich man's sins were those of omission (Matt. xxv., 41-43), but it was because his conscience was so atrophied by covetousness that he could endure the sight of the sick and suffering without wanting to relieve them. Love of gold had driven from his heart all love of God and humanity. His soul became so entangled with his sin that it was impossible to separate them, and as sin must be consumed by the fire of God's holiness, so that the soul that clings to sin must suffer the same fire. Not a material fire, but the complete exposure of the warped and sin-marked soul to the blazing light of holiness, and the burning torment of self-inflicted remorse. The blaze of holiness will only make brighter the robe of Christ's righteousness, in which the redeemed are clad, but it will cause to shrivel and burn that soul which dares to appear without that robe.

Lazarus was not rewarded merely on account of the sufferings he endured in this life. If he had been possessed of the same spirit as the rich man, his ultimate reward would have been probably the same as that of the rich man. His honor was not poverty, but faith. An unrepentant beggar has no more right to the glories of Heaven than has an unrepentant millionnaire. Lazarus though an outcast of this earth, was at heart a child of God, and when God summoned him from this world he sent angels to bear him triumphantly home. Heaven is here represented as a great feast, at which the saints recline in Oriental fashion, the place of honor is next to Abraham, and Lazarus is allowed to lean upon his bosom. Afar off, the rich man having died, is suffering the fiery torments of conscience awakened too late. Seeing Abraham he cries out for mercy and begs that Lazarus may be sent with some alleviation for his pain. Someone has aptly remarked that this is the only prayer to a saint recorded in Scripture, and that it shows the futility of such prayers. Abraham points out the impassable gulf fixed between the destination of the redeemed and that of the unrepentant ones. Then Dives pleads for his brothers who are living the same life as he has done, praying that Lazarus may be sent back to warn them. But Abraham reminds them that they all have the Scriptures to study, they have the same privileges as had those who are already in heaven, and if they do not heed the warnings God has already given them neither will they heed even the voice of one raised from the dead.

This might seem a rather strong statement were it not for the fact that a little later a man actually did rise from the dead, at the bidding of our Lord—(John xi., 44)—and yet there were many who neither heeded nor believed. When our Lord himself rose from the dead there were many who saw him and yet doubted. (Matt. xxviii., 12-17.)

Questions.

Relate the parable of Dives and Lazarus. Does God judge us by our possessions or by our spirit? How can riches become a curse to their owner? How can they be made a blessing? What were the sins of the rich man in the parable? Is it any use to pray to anyone but God? If we have disobeyed God and refused to repent in this life, is there any way to change after death?

C. E. Topic.

Nov. 11.—A decision for Christ. Luke xiv., 25-33.

Junior C. E. Topic.

Mon, Nov. 12.—Tears and mourning. Ezek. ii., 10.

Tues., Nov. 13.—Heavy taxation. Matt. xxiii., 4.

Wed., Nov. 14.—Lost opportunities. James iii., 12.

Thur., Nov. 15.—Wrecked Future. Jere., viii., 15.

Fri., Nov. 16.—Noblemen. Heb. ii., 7.

Sat., Nov. 17.—Citzenship in Heaven. Gal., v., 21.

Sun., Nov. 18.—Topic—Intemperance; what does it cost our nation? Prov. xxiii., 15-21. (Quarterly temperance meeting.)

If Ye Faint Not.

(By Fanny Hurrell.)

Harry Lawrence was the naughtiest boy in Langton Sunday school. His teacher had remonstrated with him again and again, but entirely without effect.

At last she said to the superintendent, 'I must ask you to remove Harry from my class. He is so troublesome that he is quite beyond me. Yet I like the boy, and I shall be sorry to give him up.'

'Oh, don't despair about him,' said Mr. Oldham, the superintendent, 'I can assure you that your influence is already telling greatly on the lad. He is not half so bad as he used to be.'

Miss Mortimer shook her head. 'It is very good of you to say so, and I will keep on trying a little longer, but I fear it is of no use.'

That Sunday night she had a strange dream. She thought she was digging a little plot of ground. The soil was very poor, and seemed to yield no fruit to her labors, but something prompted her to go on working. There were several other plots around her, and some of them were very fair and beautiful. Those who tended them looked happy and satisfied. Ah! why could she not have had one of these?

At last she thought in her dream that she really must throw her tools on one side, and give up this fruitless task, when she suddenly heard a voice beside her, saying these words: 'Be not weary in well-doing. . . . . Ye shall reap, if ye faint not.'

She turned and saw the Master to whom each plot belonged. She saw it was he, because she had seen him in her dream going to the various workers and uttering words of encouragement.

'Oh, Master,' she murmured, 'I am so weary. The garden yields nothing. It is useless to go on toiling. Shall I ever gain any reward for my labors?'

'Again the tender voice spoke, "If ye faint not."'

* * * * * *

The next Sunday her naughty pupil was missing, and on going to inquire for him she found he was very ill with congestion of the lungs. Her heart went out to the boy more than it had ever done, and she stayed some time with him.

When she rose to go the boy's gaze was fixed on her face as if he wanted to say something.

'What is it, laddie?' she asked, kindly.

'I'm so glad you didn't give in, teacher. I thought I would just see who could hold out the longest, you or me, and you did. . . . . If I get better I've made up my mind to be different, with God's help.'

Miss Mortimer recalled her dream. She bent down and kissed her tiresome pupil. How true God was to his promise, she thought reverently.—'Sunday-School Times.' London.

The behaviour that is allowed in many Sunday-schools destroys the feeling of respect for sacred things in general. If an irreverent posture and whispering is allowed when the superintendent offers prayer, is it strange if the same conduct is seen when the pastor leads the devotions of the people in the public congregation? Reverence for God's house should be inculcated in the Sunday-school. To be successful the superintendent and teachers must be firm. They must co-operate in this purpose, as well as in any other, to avoid failure. Teachers must give the scholars a wholesome example of how to behave in the house of God. We have known teachers whose conduct in this respect was very far from what it should have been. It had a bad effect upon the class, as it, from the necessity of the case, would have. In addition to a proper example, the teacher must reprove irreverent conduct when scholars become guilty of it. This reproof should be kind, but decided. It may be done in the class, or in a private interview with the offender, as the sanctified commonsense of the teacher may consider the most likely to accomplish the purpose.—'Evangelical Sunday-School Teacher.'

Temperance

Bible Wines.

(Dr. R. H. Macdonald, of San Francisco.)

CHAPTER IX.—THE SCRIPTURES UPON WINE AND DRUNKENNESS.

1. Q.—What does Isaiah say of the doings and boastings of drinkers of wine?

A.—'Come ye,' say they, 'I will fetch wine, and we will fill ourselves with strong drink; and to-morrow shall be as this day, and much more abundant.' (Isaiah lvi., 12.)

2. Q.—What does Paul say about the connection of darkness with drunkenness?

A.—'They that be drunken are drunken in the night. But let us, who are of the day, be sober.' (I. Thess. v., 7 and 8.)

3. Q.—How does Paul exhort against intemperance?

A.—'Let us walk honestly, as in the day, not in rioting and drunkenness.' (Romans xiii., 13.)

4. Q.—In what list of sins does he place it?

A.—Among the works of the flesh, such as envyings, murders, drunkenness, revelling and such-like. (Galatians v., 19 and 21.)

5. Q.—Among what graces does he place temperance?

A.—'But the fruit of the spirit is love, joy, peace, long-suffering, gentleness, goodness, faith, meekness, temperance; against such there is no law.' (Galatians v., 22 and 23.)

6. Q.—Is temperance necessary to obtain the heavenly crown?

A.—'And every man who striveth for the mastery is temperate in all things.' (I. Cor. ix., 25.)

7. Q.—What should be our rule concerning intoxicating drinks?

A.—'Abstain from all appearance of evil.' (I. Thess. v., 22.) Then 'touch not, taste not, handle not.' (Col. ii., 21.)

8. Q.—What is said of the pride and luxury of drinking of the Israelites?

A.—'They drink wine in bowls and anoint themselves with the chief ointments; but they are not grieved for the affliction of Joseph.' (Amos vi., 6.)

9. Q.—What does Solomon say of the wicked?

A.—'For they eat the bread of wickedness and drink the wine of violence.' (Prov. iv., 17.)

10. Q.—What does he advise?

A.—'Ponder the path of thy feet, and let all thy ways be established.

'Turn not to the right hand nor to the left: remove thy foot from evil.' (Prov. iv., 26 and 27.)

Tobacco Effects.

In the Naval Academy at Annapolis an investigation was ordered to be made, by three medical experts, as to the effect of the use of tobacco upon the students, and the same thing was done at West Point. A careful report was made out from facts obtained strongly advising against its use.

They asserted unhesitatingly: 'The use of tobacco causes weakened bodies and impaired brain power.' Some of its special ill effects were enumerated as 'dyspepsia, irregular circulation, nervousness, lack of normal muscular force.'

In view of this report, strict rules were made forbidding the use of tobacco by our national soldier and sailor students.

In Germany physicians gave their opinion that the use of tobacco by youths was fast making of them a nation of small and weak men. German lads under sixteen are arrested if found using tobacco. In France its use is forbidden in all schools because the average grade of scholarship of smokers, as shown by their examinations, was found to be below that of non-smonkers.

'Nicotine clogs the reasoning faculties and dulls the memory,' says a leading French physician.

Dr. Copeland, Fellow of the Royal Scientific Academy of England, says: 'The use of tobacco arrests the growth of the body, weakens the nerves, lessens courage and actual power to endure pain.'

Sometimes the effect of tobacco is quick and violent. A bright lad of thirteen years had St. Vitus dance as the result of cigarette smoking, and he still continued the habit secretly. He said, with tears in his eyes: 'I've tried to stop smoking, but I can't.'

A boy of eleven years was made insane by the inordinate use of cigarettes; and another lad of fifteen became paralyzed in his lower limbs from excessive smoking.

A boy of fourteen was taken violently ill and died 'from nicotine poison,' so the physician said; and it was found that he had for some time been smoking an almost incredible number of cigarettes taken secretly from his own father's store.

The 'Medical News' states that the records of a recent senior class of Yale College gives these facts: 'Non-smokers have gained decidedly over smokers in height, weight, and lung capacity. They are 20 percent taller 25 percent heavier, and have 62 percent more lung capacity than the smokers.'

In the graduating class of Amherst College of the same year as that of Yale above quoted, non-smokers were found to be ahead of smokers in the above particulars, respectively, 24 percent, 37 percent and 42 percent.

Nearly all the prizes and honors in the leading colleges have been taken by non-smokers as against the smokers; and their average standing in scholarship is invariably higher.—'National Temperance Advocate.'

Harry Simpson and the Baboon.

Harry Simpson had been on the spree. To go on the spree was nothing new for Harry Simpson to do. That was plain to be seen in his miserable, half-furnished home, and the wretchedness of his wife and children. But this time he had been drinking longer than usual; indeed, had drunk till he could no longer get anything to drink. He had spent his week's wage, had borrowed all he could from those foolish enough to lend, had filled up his trust shops, had pawned everything that was worth pawning, and was left with a parched, swollen tongue, a disordered stomach, a splitting headache and a mind unhinged. In this state he went upstairs and lay down on the bed, but not to sleep. No, no, he could not do that, for he was no sooner laid down than a visitor in the shape of a large baboon, imprudently came and sat right on his stomach, grinning and gibbering at him in the most comical, but to him, terrifying manner. He trembled with fear in every limb; his hair bristled; his flesh crept on his bones and the sweat burst out from every pore in his body, his teeth chattered. There the ugly brute sat. He felt its weight pressing on him. His brain throbbed as it would burst. He tried to shout, but couldn't; he tried to move, but he seemed bound hand and foot. Oh, horror! what should he do? The monkey was making a spring at his face. There; it sprang. He felt its claws clutching at his hair; its gibbering face was close to his own; its teeth were snapping like castanets ready to tear the flesh off his face; its breath scorched him; the whole thing was a hideous monster. Suddenly his head swelled; a flash of fire shot through his brain; his skull seemed to burst with a noise of thunder. Then all was dark as midnight.

When Harry Simpson next remembered anything, he found himself lying on a hospital bed, strapped hand and foot. The situation was perplexing. How he got there he had no knowledge. But as he began to think, the recollection of the baboon came back to him, and he shuddered. At that moment his wife looked at him.

'Harry!'

'Well, Susan?'

'Are you better?'

'Yes.'

'Thank God!'

'I say, Susan, where's the monkey?'

'What monkey?'

'The horrid brute that came and tore me to pieces.'

'It's gone, Harry.'

'Are you sure?'

'Quite sure.'

'Will it come again?'

'I hope not, but that will all depend on yourself, Harry.'

'Why, how's that?'

'It will never come again if you never take drink again. It was the drink brought the monkey.'

Harry shuddered. 'Then it will never come again, Susan?'

'Thank God, Harry. I hope it never may.'

Harry Simpson completely recovered, and from that time no one could ever persuade him to look at—not to mention touch—intoxicating drinks, for he had no wish to have another visit from the horrid, hairy, gibbering baboon that for a time drove him completely demented.—Emma Whitelaw in 'League Journal.'

Is the Brewer a Good Cook?

It is very important that all girls should understand cooking, and it would do the boys good if they also had some knowledge in this way. Now, it is well to ask the question, What is the object of cooking? Why is so much trouble taken to prepare our daily food? The simple answer to this question is, that by cooking we prepare substances that are unfit for food, so that they become nutritious, and when eaten they build up the human body.

Thus flour, raw meat, and raw potatoes are not suited for human beings to eat, but when properly cooked and eaten they make blood, bone, flesh and brain. The meat, the flour, the suet which mother uses to make the meat-pudding are not good foods till they are properly cooked, but when they are, what a delightful meal they make for a hungry child! The wise mother gives to her child that kind of food which contains the very substances that are wanted to build up the child's body; the food must therefore contain substances to make bone, muscle, or flesh, and that kind of food must also be eaten that gives warmth to the body.

Foods which make flesh are called nitrogenous, because they contain the gas called nitrogen; foods which make heat are called carbonaceous, because they contain carbon or charcoal; foods which make bone contain mineral matter, such as salt.

The clever cook has first to select the foods which contain these substances, and then to be careful that in the cooking these substances are not destroyed or decreased.

The most perfect food is milk, because it contains all the substances necessary to build up the body in the right quantities.

Some people speak of beer as if it were a food; but if we consider how the maltster and the brewer cook the barley out of which the beer is made, we shall find that they do not try to make a nourishing drink, but only an intoxicating drink.

The barley is taken by the maltster and soaked in water; it is then piled up in a heap, and afterwards spread over a floor; it soon sprouts, and is afterwards dried over a furnace.

The object of the maltster is to increase the quantity of sugar. He never thinks or so preparing the barley that it may be more nourishing to the body.

The brewer takes the malt, grinds it, and allows it to fall into warm water. He extracts out of it chiefly the sugar, because it is out of the sugar that he will afterwards obtain the poison alcohol. Now, if the brewer allowed the ground malt to fall into boiling water, he would make a nourishing food, which we might call barley-porridge. That which is left behind after it has been soaked in the warm water is called grains, and is taken away to feed pigs and cows.

Some day you will be able to learn all the differences between the nourishment to be found in barley and the nourishment to be found in beer; you may, however, learn this, that in barley there are eleven parts out of the hundred to make flesh, in beer there is only one-five-hundredth part; or barley contains more than two hundred times more flesh-forming matter than beer.

We may put it in another way. A barrel of beer containing 114 quarts contains only one quart of flesh-forming matter, the rest is nearly all poison and water.

The maltster and the brewer must therefore be bad cooks, for they spoil the food they cook, instead of making it good to eat.—'Adviser.'

A man who was told by his physician that he could be cured of a serious disease if he would give up smoking, looked long at his cigar and slowly replied: 'Doctor, I believe I could give up drinking if I really set myself to do it, but I can't give up this,' and he pointed to his cigar. 'Very well,' said his physician, 'get another doctor and die.' The man did both.

HOUSEHOLD.

Home Nursing.

(By a Hospital Nurse.)

Perhaps no being on earth has more need of those great essentials of a good nurse—tact, patience, and common-sense—than has the individual who is engaged in nursing one of her own family at home. It is notoriously true that it is always more difficult to manage your own relatives when nursing them than it is to manage a stranger. You are 'a prophet in your own country,' and his lot is never an easy one!

Tact, patience, common-sense—these are the first essentials of a good nurse anywhere and everywhere. Tact, which has its root in unselfishness, and in being able to put yourself into the place of another; patience, which can bear with irritabilty and fretfulness; and common-sense, which looks at things in a rational light, and neither with sentimentality nor undue emotionalism.

It is often hard to an untrained nurse to realize that a sick person must be treated with the same forbearance with which you would treat a child. If you make a point of looking upon a patient as for the time being a child, to be tended and cared for and thought for, it is wonderful how you will learn to see that his fretfulness, and perhaps even his naughtiness, are after all only parts of his illness, and to be treated accordingly.

An equable temperament is the most blessed endowment for a nurse, and I would urge everyone who has nursing to do to cultivate this gift assiduously. You have no idea how worrying it is to a patient, if his nurse has an 'up and-down' kind of temperament—if he never knows what to expect of her. A person of moods is never truly a good nurse. A good nurse should be bright, quiet, gentle, and, above all, 'always the same.' Boisterous movements and loud voices are to be avoided in sick-rooms; but, on the other hand, it is most irritating to a patient if you whisper in his presence. Anything which he just cannot hear vexes him; and slow pottering is almost as aggravating as the undue rapidity which sweeps everything off the table, and knocks over the glasses and pulls the counterpane off the bed.

Then there is the very difficult mean to be attained between the sympathy and tenderness which are good for a sick person, and the undue emotionalism which is extremely bad for him. To be cheery and bracing on the one hand, without being hard on the other, is no very easy task. Perhaps the thing to do is to try and be unfailingly bright, yet not aggressively cheerful; thoughtful and tender, but not sentimental. It is possible to sympathize with a person's pains and aches without giving undue prominence to them, for to make them too prominent only emphasizes them to the patient. Do not talk over-much about what he is feeling; bring him other things beside himself to think about—outside things. You have no notion how refreshing and pleasant to a sick person are little bits of news from the world outside his room.

Question a patient as little as you can, and observe him as much as possible, are good rules. Try to think for him, and notice what worries him, what makes him easier, and so on. Do not wait till he tells you that a tapping blind is driving him crazy, or a slamming door getting on his nerves. Look round for him, and anticipate his wants. A crooked curtain, a blind drawn up a shade too much may, in the one case irritate a patient, in the other hurt his eyes, without his exactly knowing what is wrong. Again, an untidy room is most annoying to a sick person. You cannot keep a sick-room too neat, and the fewer things you have in it the better. Do not allow boxes to accumulate under the bed—they are glorious dust-traps! Keep one place for the medicine bottles, another for all gargles or outward applications, and stick to those places; do not have to hunt all over the room each time you want a bottle. Tables that are in use look best with a nice white cloth over them. And be sure everything is faultlessly clean; it is wretched for an invalid to have dirty clothes, or ragged, moist towels, or anything messy about him.

Do not 'fuss' a patient. Be calm and decided and quiet yourself, but do not worry him. This is difficult for a home nurse to achieve; but if you can contrive always to have a serene face when you enter his room, your patient will be deluded into believing that you are not worried, and will keep a quiet mind himself, and this is of infinite importance to him. Never let an invalid be bothered about anything; keep him in a restful atmosphere, happy and peaceful his chances of recovery are likely to be more certain and more rapid.

May we not take as a motto for the home nurse these words of Tennyson:—

'No angel, but a dearer being all dipped
In angel instincts, breathing Paradise.'

Selected Recipes.

Potato Chowder.—Peel and slice a dozen medium-sized potatoes,put a large teaspoonful of butter and a quart of hot water in a stewpan, add salt, and when boiling hot add the potatoes and cook slowly for half an hour. Add a pint of milk, let it just come to a boil, add more seasoning if necessary, thicken slightly and serve immediately. A little pulverized, dried parsley or celery seed, or both, will improve the chowder if added a few minutes before serving.

Oyster Dressing.—Take a loaf of stale bread, cut off crust and soften by placing in a pan pouring on boiling water, draining off immediately and covering closely. Crumble the bread fine, and add half a pound of butter or more, if to be very rich, and a teaspoonful each of salt and pepper, or enough to season rather highly; drain off liquor from a quart of oysters, bring to a boil, skim and pour over the bread crumbs, adding the soaked crusts and one or two eggs, mix all thoroughly with the hands, and if rather dry moisten with a little sweet milk; lastly, add the oysters, being careful not to break them; or first put in the turkey a spoonful of stuffing and then three or four oysters, and so on until the turkey is filled. Stuff the breast first.

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